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VOL. 6. NO. 153.

VANITY FAIR

Saturday, Nov. 29, 1862.

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ACADEMY OF MUS

Director,.....J. G

Mr. GRAU has the honor to anno that every arrangement having been pleted for the production of Meyerbeer and most romantic operatic work,

DINORAH;

OR,

LE PARDON DE PLOERM

it will be produced for the first time in York on

Monday evg., Nov. 24

under his direction. He would also nounce that MLLE. ANGIOLINA COR will make her first appearance upon occasion. The music and the story blended with the hand of a master, a whole forms a combination so unique excite the utmost admiration. The s is a pastoral romance of great beauty novelty, conveying a moral at once in sive and natural, while the picturesque of the whole invention, both in the ment of the story and of the music, entitles it to the distinction it now enjo Europe.

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SHOCKING COMPLICATION.

Mamma, (*addressing darling pet.*)—"AND WHAT DID YOU SEE AT THE MUSEUM, DEAR?—THE CHERUB FISH?'

Darling Pet.—"OH YES! AND THE SEAL-SKIN WOMAN IN LONG-TAILED TROWSERS AND FUR COAT, AND THE BIG SNAKES AND THE WAXEN GENERALS AND WHAT IS IT WHICH THEY CALL 'EM THE HAPPY FAMILY!"

Verdant Green.

A FEMALE poet remarks that "there's an emerald region in every heart." Considering the greenness of divers rhymsters, both male and female, we incline to think that the "emerald region" is more generally in the head.

Seedy.

IT is stated that "scarcely a weed comes to maturity without scattering from 1000 to 10,000 seeds." On the other hand—regarding youth as the seed of manhood—we should remember that scarcely a seed comes to maturity without puffing a prodigious number of weeds. Facts in natural history are very fascinating.

Rapid.

A PHILADELPHIA paper says that one "JAMES DOUGLASS, of Stony Creek, was born in Rhode Island August 1st, 1873, and is now in his 110th year." It would seem that JAMES has lived a very fast life, to say the least of it.

Concerning Bores.

THE *Tribune* is very hard on "augurs that won't bore." If augurs won't bore, editors will—as Mr. GREELEY has often shown.

Point-Blank!

IN a recent address at Savannah, Mr. P. G. TOUTANT, *alias* BEAUREGARD, among other gas, said, that "the only way he could speak now was through the mouths of his cannon."

We congratulate P. G. T. upon this frank exhibition of his "mettle."

We are glad to hear him confess that his peculiar style of eloquence finds fittest expression from a "mouth of brass."

STRIKE OF THE OMNIBUS DRIVERS.

HUMAN, good-natured bosses—
That owns all the stages and hosses,
And aren't a having no losses—
  Hear what the drivers say!
It isn't often we venter
Your gracious presence to enter,
And offer to be a dissenter
  To letting you have your own way.

We've drove in all sorts of weather—
Been roasted for days together,
Or froze till we're tough as leather,
  And jawed by fares that won't pay:
Nobody's thought we was human—
Not even the tenderest woman:
All this is hard for the true man
  That drives for ten shillings a day.

Though most on us, bosses, have feeling,
We never have thought of appealing
For any pertection—or stealing
  To git what we wanted at home:
From fifteen to nineteen hours
We've drove, in snow-storms and showers,
And thought of that home of ours
  Where *your* comforts never come.

But there was the smiling table,
The bread and the meat was no fable,
And here was the appetite, able
  To master what *you* couldn't eat;
And out of some extra shilling—
When Providence seemed to be willing—
While our hungry stomachs was filling,
  We now and then got a treat.

But bust is the poor man's bubble!
When all that he needs costs double
His house it is full of trouble,
  His heart it is full of care:
Which of your prosperous sages—
Unless they double his wages—
Will tell the poor driver of stages
  How he's to live on air?

Bosses, thriving in clover!
Look out, while you're thinking it over,
And study the humble rover—
  Roving the same old way:
Think of his life so trying,
Think of his poor wife sighing,
Think of his children dying—
  And give him two dollars a day!

Work for the Provost-Marshals.

IT is stated that stringent measures are about to be adopted for arresting deserters and all officers and soldiers absent without leave.

Won't the Provost-Marshals have a fine time of it hunting up General GREELEY'S 900,000 men, not one of whom has ever yet answered to his name at roll-call!

Towering Genius.

THE result of the recent experiments on board the new iron-clad steamer *Passaic* has clearly established Captain ERICSSON'S theory that guns may be safely fired inside his famous turret—which ought henceforth to be called the ERICSSON *Tour de force*.

THE TOWN SHOWS.

ON Wednesday last every body was on tip-toe-fine in expectation of "Dinorah." GRAU had promised it without fail, but it seems that the proverbial uncertainty about the white man extends also to the white goat, no presentable specimen of which could be found in all Gotham. This settled the matter, as without a white goat the opera couldn't proceed. Black goats were as plenty about the Academy as black sheep, but they wouldn't do. The *prima donna* of the occasion—Mlle. CORDIER—comes from New-Orleans, and has a prejudice against color. A deputation from the *Tribune*, headed by FRY in a full suit of opera penitentials, waited upon GRAU, and urged upon him the importance of requiring that goats as well as gentlemen should always appear at the Academy in solemn black, but the matter was referred back to Mademoiselle, who was relentless; while MUZIO stepped in, and said if she yielded, the next thing would be to insist on having a contraband in the orchestra.

The opera had accordingly to be postponed, and in the place of it we had a delicious rendering of "The Daughter of the Regiment," in which the beautiful GUERRABELLA put the portly SUSINI through such a course of gun-practice that he hasn't recovered his breath since, and at last accounts was in correspondence with Gen. BANKS, with a view of joining his staff and going to Texas.

Meanwhile, a liberal bounty having been offered, payable half in postage-stamps and half in chest-notes, a young goat of spotless descent presented itself on Thursday, and having passed a rigid but courteous examination on the part of the stage-manager, (who is a gentleman and a SCOLA,) was at once put into training, and yesterday received from Mr. Treasurer WERTHEIMBER ten days' salary in advance, with the promise of a dressing-room and a *coiffeur* (*c'est Gentil*) all to herself.

I was presented to NANNY on Monday by President KINGSLAND, and although the conversation on her side was purely musical and limited to two or three ba'as, I received a favorable impression of her qualities, and if she doesn't "clutch the dramatic diadem at a single bound," (STUART,) it will not be for want of either ambition or agility. In fine, she is a perfect *chevre d'œuvre*.

"Dinorah" will be presented for the first time—if NANNY'S training is not interrupted—to-night, and, judging from two or three rehearsals, its production will be the musical event of the year.

Mlle. CORDIER, who has the chief role, is a charming little artiste of the French school, and has vitality enough to inspire even BRIGNOLI himself, who, to be just, is in unusual fine voice this season, and on one or two occasions has exhibited positive signs of animation.

I see also that Mlle. MORENSI is in the cast, which makes it certain that the *contralto* part will be so well sung as of itself to make the opera attractive.

There is a very good *mot*, by the way, about this young lady. Some one having said the other night, at PFAFF'S, that she was sure to make for herself a name, a wag replied that she had done that already, her original name being DUCKWORTH, which she changed to MORENSI.

There's a good deal after all, Mr. Printer, in a name, for if, instead of Signoras GUERRABELLA, MORENSI, and LORINI, GRAU had brought forward Misses WARD, DUCKWORTH, and WHITING, the romance of the thing would have vanished at once. It came near being so in the case of Miss KELLOGG, but then it was—well, it was Miss KELLOGG, and her *début* was as brilliant as if she had been a KELLOGGINI, and had lived on macaroni (no offence, Mr. Printer, to your war-correspondent) ever since the flood.

In the theatrical world euphony is of much less account, and one can succeed—or two, for that matter—even with the ear-breaking name of GOUGENHEIM. Still, even here, names go for something, and when we hear, for example, of an ADA CLIFTON, or a MADELEINE HENRIQUES, we figure to ourselves forthwith a charming person, and are not apt to be disappointed. But no more of the *argumentum ad nominem*, lest it be considered in bad taste, like—say like a pun in Latin!

And here endeth my screed for this week, Mr. Printer, except that I must remind you, first, that FORREST and MATILDA HERON are back again at NIBLO'S, after a triumphal fortnight in the City of Churches, where there was a regular steeple-chase to see "Camille;" second, that Senorita TERESA CARREÑO, the marvellous child-pianist, with less years than fingers, makes her *début* to-morrow evening at Irving Hall; and, third, that this evening Miss KEENE brings out one of a splendid pair of spectacles which she has long had in preparation, and which will be produced under the pleasing name of "Blondette."

NEW-YORK, Nov. 24th. Ppps.

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM MCARONE.

NEVER MIND WHERE, Nov. 21st.

DEAR VANITY:—Keep dark. . . .

Lay low. . . .

Don't say a word.

The papers are all made out.

. . . But I am too old a buzzard to be caught with corncobs.

Let me tell you all about it.

MCCLELLAN, God bless him, once said in a private letter that I had greatly aided him. The War Department got hold of this small tribute to my great worth, and set me down as one of MCCLELLAN'S Aids.

Since then, the said Department has been amusing itself by arresting the said Aids, and, as I happily remarked above, has made out the papers for my arrest among them.

Can't you get good reliable bail for me, in case they catch me? I am desirous of keeping out of Fort Lafayette for the present, because I have reason to think that we are in the midst of a fratricidal war, and that my services are of more value in Virginia than in New-York harbor.

Or, for that matter, than in Trenton, N. J.

Meanwhile, I am keeing very shady. I go most of the time disguised. Liquor is the disguise I prefer.

No one shall ever say that I am ungrateful to the Republic. I have fought, bled, and overdrawn my pay regularly. I have broken the backbone of Rebellion in more places than are down on the maps. I have treated JEFFERSON DAVIS with marked coolness, and have given the Administration a good many first-rate notices in several papers.

Yet, notwithstanding my antecedents, they propose to put me under arrest.

But I will give them a little recipe:

"*To Make Jugged Macarone*.—First catch your MCARONE. Baste him, and let him simmer. Roast him well, and then shut him in a close jug."

The only hard part of all that is the first proposition.

. . . What, cage the proud eagle of two half-hemispheres, etc.? Never! I am the bold mountaineer of the prairies, and scorn your bolts, though I have a weakness for your bars. I have trod the fastnesses of the Acroceraunian hills, and sat with the bleating rams on top of the Schreckhorn. I am at home in the swamps of Swampscot, and the tangled dingles and jungles of Zanguebar. I have scaled the boetling crags and awful cliffs of Strawberry Farms, N. J., and made my home among hoary summits old in story, since the happy hours of prattling infancy.

From all this, it may safely be inferred that I am pretty hard to catch. I think so.

The wild shirt of the Alps have tried it. So have the wild police of Boston. Both failed. They couldn't learn my address.

. . . You can't BRINSMADE me, Mr. KENNEDY!

I will leave the Army I have made and cherished. . . . I will leave it to its tears, and form bold bands of guerrilla riders, to hunt

the fleet rebel in his native forests, on my own hook. My victories shall be the evidence of things unseen, and the substance of things hoped for. I will hurl my forces upon Richmond, and sweep Rebellion from the land. GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN'S programme, even, is not broader than mine.

The news of my indictment was brought by one of my aids, a young lieutenant of Light Quadroons, whom I have often mentioned before in these letters. . . .

It is difficult to decide which was the more affected; I, to leave the noble men who had grown up to be intrepid soldiers under me; or my lieutenant, to assume the fearful responsibity of breaking the news. Tears coursed down my classic features, and the lieutenant, with his lithe and sylph-like frame, grieved like a sorrowing child. There we sat and wept. Both have always been warm, personal friends. We have lived and loved together, and never stole each other's blankets. The lieutenant was at first disposed to decline assuming the task, but in consideration of a greenback was induced to modify his personal sentiments.

. . . If the above paragraph reads a little like a recent letter in the *Herald*, it is only because of the profound effect its perusal had upon me. It was just my style, though I doubt if the writer intended it so to be.

I am at present lying hidden in an open lot, with no protection about me except a house and barn. I have had nothing to eat since dinner, and shall probably have nothing again until supper-time.

Such are the harships that must be undergone by the noble fugitive and outlaw. To-night, however, I shall sally forth, disguised as a little green thing, and shall have a pretty good time, most likely.

Expect to hear from me as soon as you get my next letter, and prepare yourself to learn all that I shall then tell you. Give my love to the Board of Aldermen and Common Council, and beg them to write oftener, to MCARONE.

ETHAN SPIKE ON VARIOUS TOPICS.

THE people of Saint suthin or other where I proposed to discuss an dissect accordin to my proclamation—are a singular people, an appear to be indegenous. They——But I'm a leetle ahead of my story.

I divided my discourse into seven diferent grand subdivisions. "The fust, feller furiners," says I, "treats on botany, among wich is trees, punkins, pond lillies an the hull arkany of rutes an airbs—likewise most kinds of vegetables.

"Fust. Trees is of various kinds. There is natteral trees, and there is onnateral or mechanical trees. In the latter cognomen is classed axel-trees an whiffle-trees, wich was indegenous to Egypt where they used to bear chariots, scythes, and sich like fruit, an the seed is supposed to hev bin brought to this country by DANIEL PRATT, the 'Great American Traveller.' They are naow indegenous pretty ginerally but more indegenouser to livery stables.

"Canady," says I, "my friends, is already famous for its trees: let it get aout a writ of seceshion agin the Lord high Chandlery of England, and then let her jine her sacred fortins with the land of the free and the hum——"

"Of licked sneaks!" hollered some one in the craowd.

In an instant all the Train ris within the solemn recesses of my buzzum.

"You onmittigated pollywogs, lobsided, blue-nosed Canady thistles!" I screamed, "you haint worthy" . . . . . ! ! . . . There was a rush—I hearn just sich a sound as I did in the Peabody skrimage—suthin dropped—and in ten minits I was aout of taown.

I kim there a simple *train*. I kim away a *rail rode!*

The foregoin sentence is ironical. Do you see it? Ef you dont, konjugate thus: Rail—manyfacters of wood (see Morrill Tariff) agreein with posts. Rail-ridin—the act of being rid—varb passyve fust person neuter, signifyin toe be or not toe be—likewise to suffer. Rail-rode personal pronoun an sometimes o, u, an w as in apple-sarse, beeswax, etc., signifyin a thing did, an the hull agreein with nobody that ever tried it. The Kernucks don't appreciate me. Probably they will never know what they've lost. I don't myself.

A Apostrofee.

! ! ! ! ! Woe unter Canady—because it aint up to snuff. Because it wont go ahead it shall go backerds. Long Yankees shall grin aout of the fore room winders of the Governor's pallis, an spit on the hairth, an the desendants of the puringtons shall whistle JOHN BROWN or Yankee doodle in your streets ! ! ! ! ! !

Latterly I've bin doin a leetle in the missionary way.

Do you ever reflect on the wrongs an sufferins of the red man of the forest? I confess that I never did till with nary a red in my pocket an a stomach inocent of vittles for suthin less than a week, I smelt the odors of a fish they was brilin daown by Lachine. Gales an Arabians—franklinsense an new mown excelsir—haow refreshin was the smell of that brilin black-bass! The fust sniff convinced me I had too long neglected these interestin feller aberigenees. "Man," says I to myself, "finds his brother guilty of a skin," etc.—but I've no sich predjudyce. I have lived with niggers, Ethiopins, an contrarybands, nor disdained to eat their vittles as long as they'd keep me. True, says I to myself, these men an brothers do look kind of iley, and that ere speciment of a woman an a sister whos managin the brile, might increase her personal charms by anchorin herself out in the rapids a month or so, an then passin through a high-pressure wringin-machine a few times. But hunger, speshully when backed by high moral principle, ain't apt to be predjudyced. And then I called to mind that nater has wisely ordained a peck of dirt for every man, an forces us up to the fodder, rough hew and shirk as we will. From the kewlinary aspect of this wigwam, I calculated I could finish my quantity in a fortnit, so down I sot to my fust meal with the primevial children of nater.

Ingine domestic economy dispenses with many things wich the pampered denizens of a high state of morality consider necessary—sich as cheers, plates, an particularly knives and forks—argyin with considerable show of reason, that fingers was invented several years before forks was. The guest is expected to set still on the floor, open his mouth an be fed like a young robbing. The hospitable individooal appinted to tend my hopper was the sister aforementioned. Her way was this:—she would take half a bass between her delicate hands, and after squelchin it hard, gradooally work it into my mouth—it being understood and agreed that when she crowded the mill by feedin too fast I was to let her know it by bitin her fingers. As she was in a hurry I hed to signalize frequently, and sometimes oftener, so't her lovely digits wus pretty considerably chawed in the course of that onsofisticated meal.

Haow apt we are in prosperity to forget aour obligations to the children of nater! Nothin but adversity an hunger will bring us to a proper sense of duty—leastwise thems what brung me—Go an do likewise.

The ingine is a noble race—bein unquestionably the original red abereginee of the pathless wilds, havin bin handed daown from the last tribes of Babelmandril—though I must say the squelchin process, while it heightens, dus not improve the natteral flaver of a black-bass. Still—figgeratively speakin—he is a dusky lord, an would be more so ef he was jest a leetle less greasy.

I trust my sogern with the reds has bin beneficial—it has to me—their bass and rum will ollers have the best room in the chambers of my memory.

"Though lost to sight
Toe memry dear."

I don't think I done as much good to these interestin pagans as I would ef there hadn't bin sich a wide difference in aour ways of expressin thoughts. My dialect, as everybody knows, bein pure saxton, whilst they dealt moastly in a kind of furrin patmouse made up of Dutch, blackbirds, an Kernuck. Baout the only words in common atween us was rum an terbacker. When we wa'n't eatin, we confined ourselves pretty closely to them two topicks.

I was loth to leave this free an natteral style of living, but some of the dusky lords was gettin unpleasantly familliar with my *hair*, and I felt it a duty to go. It was a struggle—the bass and the rum lured me affectionately—but better is a stalled ox an greens therewith, than a dinner of briled fish with a prospact of tommyhawks for a desart. My missionary feelins also ris agin my goin. "Looky here," says they, "Lo, the poor ingine!"

Very true, says I—*lo* it is—but then who in thunder wants to be skulped!

My kind entertainer was sorry to hev me go. He hed no words but drew his finger raound my head and pointed energetically at a string of dried skulps on the wall. Chief, says I, you mean well, I've no daoubt—but taint convenient. Some other time, when I haint got no furder use for a head — my pagin friend — prehaps I may accomodate you.

I hardly think he understood my remarks—as he tried to shoot me as I was going away. ETHAN SPIKE.

Another "Horror of War."

WAR makes its mark upon language as upon other social necessities. See now if the word "ram," so constantly before us, of late, in the sense of an aggressive floating engine, doesn't lead to "ramification" being applied to a series of them, just as "fortification" is to a congeries of forts.

A Net of Trouble.

THE Cabinet.

A CHILLING SUGGESTION.

Emmeline.—"DEAR, DEAR AUGUSTUS, MAY NOT THIS PATTERING RAIN BE APTLY TERMED THE FALLING DEW OF WINTER?"

(*Cruel Emmeline! thus to remind your poor, extravagant Augustus of certain "little bills" that will be "falling due" about the 1st of January!*)

Put that in your Pipe.

AN agricultural writer informs farmers that "The want of drainage on clays is ruinous."

In reference to this, a smoking friend of ours says that it's "nothing compared to the tax upon cigars."

One Degree Worse.

HISTORIANS dwell with great horror upon the devastations committed by the hordes of the ancient Goths and Vandals, but we have Hoarders among us who are the modern representatives of those tribes, with all the modern improvements.

At a Discount.

ISN'T it strange," remarked the Broker, "that, in the present scarcity of silver, the prospect of an issue of a variety of American coin for the benefit of the army should create so much discontent?"

"What variety of coin do you speak of?" asked an anxious countryman, who had a stocking full of "change" at home.

"I refer, sir," replied the courteous Broker, "to the prospect of 'Winter Quarters.'"

"Straws Show the Way the Wind Blows."

AN AFFECTING COLLOQUY.

Juvenile Arithmetician No. 1. "Now, JIMMY, I'll give you a 'stumper.' Look here, if it has cost "Uncle SAMUEL" six hundred millions of dollars to carry on the war up to the dismissal of GENERAL MCCLELLAN, what will the future policy of this Administration be likely to come to?"

Juv. Arith. No. 2. "Golly! I give that up, BILL!"

J. A. No. 1, (*triumphantly.*) "Well, JIM, it'll be likely to 'come to grief,' I calculate."

Exeunt harmoniously.

"TALKING OF GUNS."

"TALKING of guns," we've got the kind
Would smash the *Warrior's* iron rind
As though 'twere paper;
Or through *La Gloire's* metallic hide
An opening make from side to side
(Sending to glory those inside)
As easily as lightnings glide
Through summer vapor.

A bolt a quarter of a ton,
That bolts from a fifteen-inch gun,
Takes no denials
From granite fort or iron wall.
Engines that carry such a ball
"Vessels of wrath" we well may call—
It would not suit the case at all
To dub them "vials."

The sky's artillery, of course,
Has than our thunder greater force;
But nothing laic
That on the air a death-knell rings,
Can hold a candle to the things
That burst, upon destruction's wings,
From the *Passaic!*

Yet these are not to be our best,
(A fact our foes ere long may test;)
Still heavier bullets
We hope hereafter to discharge
From guns of more tremendous gauge—
We're most afraid to say how large
Their iron gullets.

And then our cannon make no fuss:
In other words, they don't concuss
Within the turret.
But Jehu, how a missile flies
When forty weight of powder lies
Behind it, and the *vim* supplies
Through air to spur it!

The solid masonwork of heaven,
By its own thunders never riven,
Our guns have shattered.
Yes, the rock-rooted Palisade
To the *Passaic's* cannonade
Shook, till the fragments from it brayed
The Hudson spattered!

Fine Moral Reflection.

A MAN'S disposition may be ever so good, or it may be ever so bad; but you may be quite certain that the estimate given of it by survivors will depend less upon his own disposition than upon that made by him of his property—if he had any to leave.

Cabinet Matters.

WE hear of a "strike" among Cabinet-makers, with a view to increased wages. It is natural. Divers gentlemen, at the Capitol, have taught us that Cabinet connections are apt to inspire a keen look-out for number one. The example is significant, and we know of one important Cabinet-maker who would do wisely to make several "strikes" among his own furniture!

THE MODERN BELISARIUS.

General McClellan.—"AFTER THE FIRST BATTLE OF BULL-RUN I ORGANIZED YOUR SHATTERED LEGIONS: AFTER THE SECOND I SAVED YOUR MENACED CAPITOL. I SIT BY THE WAY-SIDE, WAITING FOR JUSTICE FROM THE PEOPLE. SHALL I HAVE IT?"

MUD AND MANNERS.

A REMONSTRANCE.

No. 3752 LEXINGTON AVENUE, Nov. 19th, 1862.

EDITOR VANITY FAIR: SIR—It is not for myself alone that I seize my pen, with, I confess, some irritation of feeling, for the purpose of addressing you. I speak for every first-class citizen of this city; for every well-dressed lady; for fathers, husbands, brothers; for sisters, wives, and mothers; for the lover, on the way to his mistress—in short, for half of the city. No base, selfish person could write what I am writing. No mere mechanic, or other "poor but honest" individual, would have dreamed of such a thing, as he could never be supposed to feel impelled to do it, or to comprehend the feelings of him who should. Pardon these preliminaries, and I will hasten to my point.

My friend BLIBBS—with whom I design to illustrate my idea—is the nattiest of men. His linen is always snowy, and his outer habiliments rarely show a speck. My heart bled for him this afternoon, as he entered my room, for all one side of his person was covered with the filth just thrown over him by a cart-horse. Indeed, it was several seconds ere I really knew him. It was impossible to look on this affecting spectacle without emotion. Here was a gentleman, with some of the best blood of America in his veins, rudely bespattered and made conspicuous by one of the very lowest of the unwashed, and there was no one to rebuke and punish the author of the malicious act.

Nor is this a solitary case. Within the last three weeks I have been witness to a number of such outrages; I have myself been repeatedly disfigured in a similar way, without fault of my own. There is no one who absolutely escapes; but the greatest sufferers are refined and sensitive people, wearing costly apparel, and belonging to the real aristocracy of the city.

Now, sir, ought not these caitiffs of drivers, with their want of consideration for well-dressed people, to be *forced* to exercise more care in guiding their vehicles? It is not so particularly the stage-drivers as the cartmen, of whom I complain. These latter are certainly the most ill-behaved set of malefactors in New-York. They always keep close to the sidewalk, and go at the highest possible rate of speed, especially wherever the mud happens to be a foot or two in depth. They never see the damage their horses are doing, which damage is often deplorable; or if they do see, they merely laugh in their shirt-sleeves and go on faster than ever. It is absolutely *cruel* for these hardened fellows to drive so recklessly, hurting the feelings and apparel of gentlemen and ladies. What are one's kids worth after one such pollution? It stains linen; it clings tenaciously to broadcloth, which looks irrecoverably common after cleaning.

Is it possible these churlish drivers *hate* us, because we are better dressed than they, or move in better society? Is this filth heaped on us in a spirit of *revenge?* Or, finally, must a gentleman when maliciously defiled doff his reeking coat, hand it to the nearest bystander, and thereupon challenge the delinquent carter to combat, or mount his vehicle and vigorously chastise him? And must a lady, similarly aggrieved, ask the first gentleman she meets to avenge her?

No, sir, I *know* you cannot think of forcing us to that extremity. Old-clothes-men may come to you with their blandishments and Roman noses—perhaps with gold—and urge you to silence; but can you as an honest man be bought, or as a brave man be intimidated? Can you not enter into the feelings of a gentleman who dresses well—a sensitive gentleman of shrinking delicacy of sentiment—who would emulate the knightly courtesy of feudal times in thus drawing his weapon for the petticoats of the fairer and pantaloons of the sterner sex?

Perhaps you will receive some suggestions touching the course to be pursued in this matter. As they can do no harm, in any event, I venture to append them.

1st. The drivers might all be enjoined to keep the walk at a respectful distance, under penalty of fines, confiscation of cart, solitary confinement on bread and water, or some other equally just and signal punishment.

2d. They should be made to move slowly and carefully, when well-dressed persons are near them.

3d. They might be obliged to take back-streets altogether: the last two regulations contemplating similar penalties for breaches of law.

I may conclude with the observation that it is greatly for the interest of shopkeepers and others to see that something be done in this matter; for, to prove it, you have only to imagine the time—which, if nothing be done, must soon come—to have already arrived when the fashionable and wealthy shall have deserted the city, or the dirtier parts of it, and, as a consequence, deprived them of our valuable patronage. No more, either, will the eye, wearied with common objects, be permitted to refresh itself with the view of irreproachable garments, fitting like magic, and carried with matchless grace. Our presence will no longer dignify and hallow Nassau street and the lower portion of Broadway. Like silk-worms, we may be compelled at last to hide ourselves from the world and perish in the recesses of our own magnificence—and then half New-York will be irrevocably abandoned to the smell of onions and cheap cigars, and to the ever-changing tableaux of the unwashed multitude.

Yours, anxiously, CLARENCE DE SALSIFY.

WEITZEL'S FOUR THOUSAND.

"WHAT shall I do with them?"—(*Gen. Weitzel to Gen. Butler.*)

AIR.—"There was an old darkey and his name was Uncle Ned."

THERE were four thousand nigs to be housed, clothed, and fed,
Standing all in a row, in a row,
Worth from five to six hundred dollars a head,
And no place under heaven to go.
They had thrown down the shovel and the hoe,
Thinking white folks would take them in tow.
And they'd "lib in de Norf jest like gent'men bred,
In de Norf, whar contrabands go."

A very wry face General WEITZEL did make,
He was puzzled as puzzled could be;
Long files of whith teeth to devour the hoe-cake,
And not enough hoe-cakes had he.
They had dashed down the shovel and the hoe,
In the fields where the sugar-canes grow,
And they hadn't a chance living wages to make—
What to do with 'em he didn't know.

He couldn't send 'em back to make sugar, of course,
For they were all free, were all free,
And as he had no way to employ such a force,
He wished them all under the sea.
When they laid down the shovel and the hoe,
They thought, for they heard it was so,
That with store-clothes and plenty of gold in the purse,
Where they pleased they'd triumphantly go.

Alas! simple darkeys, you'd better have staid
And worked all your lives in the cane,
For the hopes you have cherished will all be betrayed,
And you'll sigh for your bondage again.
No work for the shovel and hoe,
No place in the wide world to go,
No fiddle and dance when the sugar is made,
Alas! boys "your cake is all dough."

"Among the Pines."

FROM Washington we have the sad intelligence that one thousand feet of lumber belonging to the Union Volunteer Refreshment Saloon were eaten up by one hundred and five horses, the property of a New-York contractor. These ferocious animals, it is stated, commenced their horrible orgies immediately upon being placed in the enclosure where the unfortunate lumber was stowed, nor would they desist from their meal—or sawdust, rather—until each of them had stevedored a little over ten feet of pine boards into his hold. Perhaps the reader will guess that they were Connecticut horses, and accustomed, therefore, to shoe-peg oats, looked upon pine boards as pretty good hay. The idea is a natural one. But a better reason for the voracity of the animals is to be found in the following words, which close the paragraph narrating the facts:

"They had been without food for several days."

We regret, exceedingly, our inability to furnish the name of the contractor to whom these vicious, unreasonable, and gluttonous quadrupeds belonged, but the reader may depend upon it, that the individual in question is a very nice man. Nor is it altogether fair, perhaps, to saddle the horses with all the blame resting upon the transaction of the pine boards. The poor creatures wanted food, and they Pined for it.

Brigham Bluebeard.

FOREIGN items inform us that Mr. and Mrs. HOWARD PAUL have lately been performing through the English provinces, in a successful burlesque founded upon the "adventures of that veteran Polygamist, BLUE BEARD."

Would not this be just the thing for BRIGHAM YOUNG'S new theatre at Salt Lake City? Or, better still, could not Mr. HOWARD PAUL treat English society to a dramatic *bonne bouche* founded upon the adventures of that veteran Polygamist, BRIGHAM YOUNG?

VICTIMS OF TAXATION.

CAN anything be more deplorable than the state to which all of us fashionable people are about to be—nay, already *are*—reduced for gloves? Even now, in the *salons* of the *haut ton*, a piercing lamentation is going up on account of kids whose places shall know them no more: Dinorah's goat could not set up a more piteous bleat after its absent family.

"Excuse my glove" is a saying of respectable antiquity, and on that account more honored in the breach, now-a-days, than in the observance. It will soon be superseded altogether, and "Excuse my shabby, counterfeit kids" will be the apologetic address of the greeters on the highway. Ladies will be horrified to hear of the supposititious animals which must now be sacrificed to supply the material for "Jouvins" and "Alexandres" of domestic build. The "harmless, necessary cat" will now have to surrender her well-cared-for hide to the votaries of fashion. Her old victim, the predatory rat, will suffer on the same scaffold with her; for the goat is too valuable a creature now, to be dressed up for anything short of opera, and Customs have got the upper hand of Fashions in the matter of imported goods. Look at the tariff.

But, oh! that we should have to record it! worse, far worse contingencies than that of the cat and the rat are in store for the consumers of "genuine kids." Some miscreant has discovered that the most delightful, soft, elastic, not to say fragrant "Jouvins" are to be composed from the cuticle of the repulsive skunk. Alas! poor skunk! thus shalt thou, too, taste the bitter drug of taxation and tariff.

There is balm in Gilead, however, ladies—and that is lucky, considering the skunk. *Mustela putorius* is Latin for that despised weasel. Isn't it a pretty name?

Mind, now, when these gloves come into fashion, how we have here taught you the classic for them, thus cautioning you from the possible blunder of mistaking Mustela Putorius for the maker's name, as applied in the case of Alexandre, Jouvin, and other celebrated kid-outchers of the day.

Centralizations.

IT is all very fine to talk about the admirable Police arrangements of Central Park, but we have good reasons for saying that anybody can get up a Row on the ponds there by paying for it, and no questions asked.

There is a very attractive Gondola now moored in the Central Park waters. It looms in the offing like a funereal raft. Some say that the Commissioners have placed it there to draw the German element, by mingling Bier with the pond water. We believe that this Gondola was originally the property of the last Doge of Venice, which rather corroborates the story about the Commissioners having recourse to it as a last dodge.

What are the Central Park Commissioners about as regards their zoölogical arrangements? We see no end of Cygnets in their ponds, but never a Seal. A "British New-Yorker," who sticks on his hs, writes to us suggesting that a little Hotter during the coming Winter might be attractive.

"Sweeping Day."

A LATE Southern paper says: "Our gallant SEMMES now scours the seas, unchecked and fearless!"

Perhaps he does!

But we think he will not have all the marine housewifery to himself much longer!

Nay! even while we write, it is quite likely the Piratical "scourer" may be forced to "try a brush" with some one of Uncle SAM's sweepers of the brine! In which case, we fancy, that, though the Pirate be called RAPHAEL, like unto the Immortal Painter, yet will the "brush" aforesaid be as fatal to him, as that of his cousin the fox hath been to that astute brigand, from the days of ÆSOP up to the close of the last "hunt."

A Revolution in Grease.

THAT of almost any cart-wheel.

AN ELIGIBLE BOARDER.

ONE advertiser in the *Herald* lately announced "board and lodging for a single gentleman or lady with all the modern improvements," which seemed at first sight to be a rather ungrammatical way of stating the thing. On reading the following, however, also from the *Herald*, we admit that the advertiser just quoted may have written "with a purpose" when he penned his ambiguous lines;

BROOKLYN — MIDDLE-SIZED ROOM AND BOARD wanted, for one person, in a private family, where there will be no objection to some five hours' studying on the piano daily. Boarding-house keepers need not apply.

Who can doubt, on reading the above, that advertiser No. 2 is precisely the person wanted by advertiser No. 1, and that they are by this time happy in each other's society? Five hours' study on the piano, daily, suggests nothing short of "all the modern improvements," including bath, gas, elocution, hot-air, French, and mosaic centre-tables. But we don't exactly see the object of the caution, "Boarding-house keepers need not apply." The boarding-house keeper, according to our experience of the article, is never exactly an imbecile idiot; and when the gentle reader falls in with one who is, we hope the gentle reader will write and let us know.

MYTHOLOGICAL MUSINGS.

THE size of POLYPHEMUS has been a matter of controversy for ages. He must have been considerably above the average height; though the only *datum* we have to form any conception of his staturo is the statement that the dentists were obliged to use ladders when they undertook to Scale his teeth.

How teeming with suggestions is the record that INACHUS was the father of Io!

The gods of old used to swear by the Styx; and this reminds one of many worthy persons who are always glorifying their prosy preachers.

CHARON used to charge only one cent each for ferrying passengers over to the Infernal regions. What a preposterous imposition it is of the Ferry Company, then, to exact three for taking a person over to Jersey!

CERBERUS has been described as the Porter of Hades. Well, most people like their porter with a head on it—but when it comes to three!

TITYUS, the redoubtable giant, is stated to have covered nine acres when lying on the ground. He was condemned—for his ungentlemanly conduct toward LATONA—to be perpetually dined on by a vulture, which made another acher.

What a mistake it was to punish TANTALUS with a vision of uncomeatable *water!* If it had only been Burgundy, now, or beer!

IXION was bound to a perpetually revolving wheel because he murdered his father-in-law. We do not find that the gods inflicted any penalty for the slaughter of a mother-in-law. The gods were very just.

The Pygmies, a fabled race of very small men, were supposed to build their houses with egg-shells. We have some very small men among us who build theirs with brown stone.

A Polite Explanation.

"AN Intellectual Woman, then," cried PRUE,
(A shallow prattler who affects the "blue,")
"Is something that you can't endure!"
"Why, yes," quoth JOHN, "that really was the sense
Of what I said—but do not take offence;
'Twas nothing *personal*, I'm sure!"

PHOTOGRAPHALBUMANIE.

That may appear to be rather a smasher than otherwise, may that sepo-syllabic word coined by us for a header to these remarks; but if *Potichomanie*, why not any other *manie*, and as many of them as you will? In these dark days of the Destitution of Dimes, besides, the jingle even of a coined word is music to the ear so long debarred from that of the late lamented metallic currency.

Of all the forms of insanity which start up at the distant rumblings of Impending Crisis, we know of none—not even excepting *mania à potu*—more deplorable in its effects upon the social constitution than the prevailing mania for *carte-de-visite* likenesses and a gilt-edged album to stick them in. The War, in a measure, has brought this dreadful thing upon us. To the War we owe many social crotchets that are objectionable, but none that make us quaver more than this.

He was a wise father who chesterfielded his heir with the remarkable words: "If you would palliate the bitterness of life's cup, my son, never touch a card." Had he lived in these later days, he would probably have said: "If you wouldn't exaggerate the bitterness of your mug, my tulip, keep it off the *carte-de-visite*."

To the serious man, the man of truly religious principle, there is a shock administered by the photographic album that may well be described as extremely distressing. He sees before him what he supposes to be a family bible out for a holiday, and, reverently unclasping it, is shattered into epilepsy by beholding himself sandwiched between—well, suppose we say between the Esquimaux Woman and George Francis Train. What can be more dreadful than this?

Nor is this new religion of the *carte-de-visite* yet at its rabidest. By and by these charming persons the Spiritualists will get hold of it and graft it upon their dead branch, and then we shall see—not what we shall see, according to the old phrase, but what is invisible. Then will old Judge Edmonds toddle circumforaneously from door to door, offering to furnish taxable citizens with *cartes* of all the deadheads since the world was built, at ten cents a *carte*—which is cheaper than you can buy apples for from a licensed vender. Julius Cesar and Jupiter Tonans will then be regular articles of commerce; and we should not be surprised to find our old friends Lemuel Gulliver and Robinson Crusoe on the list of the "illustrious dead, authentic portraits of whom as they appear at the present day, photographed from life by the new postmortuary process, and dead-colored by the most eminent living artists, are always on sale or furnished to order at the *atelier* of the Spirit-in-Art Company, where, also, airtight albums for their preservation, warranted evil-spirit-proof, are to be had."

Was it in a prevision of all this that the balladist conceived the noble line,

"There's a good time coming"?

If it was, we wish that the balladist may have great joy of it when it comes.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN COTTON-PLANT.

Everybody in England, France, and other European countries interested in cotton, seems to be occupied in devising some mode of acclimatizing that important plant, in order that we Americans may go on fighting out our little difficulty without incommoding the manufacturing populations of the world. Some suggestive spirits throw the old-fashioned cotton-plant overboard, altogether, offering substitutes for it in the other, less famous, but still fluffy productions of the fields and woods. Thistledown has been proposed, but people didn't seem to cotton to it. Sea-weeds of various kinds have been tested, but spinners accustomed to cotton didn't see weeds. Cotton is cotton, in fact; and, as sure as you cannot fabricate a brocade *porte-monnaie* (there are no purses now) out of the aural flaps of a sucking-pig's maternal parent, so surely you will fail in obtaining a material equivalent to cotton among the legitimate vegetables, in case you are so lost to all sense of sanity as to try.

In this strait, the countries of Europe may be obliged to us for an idea on the subject of cotton. On looking over a scientific work not long since, we saw an account of a class of parasites called *mycoderms*—a kind of vegetable filaments developed upon the human cuticle, which they cover with a cottony surface, discernible, in its present imperfect state of culture, to the microscopic investigator only. Now, here is a new channel of industry opened to many persons—many thousands of persons, indeed—who are utterly unfitted for the normal and accepted occupations of which activity is the vital element. Next to hatching eggs, what avocation could be better fitted to the indolent man than the culture, upon his person, of the soft and voluptuous Mycoderm? Careful feeding of the soil with turtle and irrigation with champagne would, probably, be the favorite practice in mycodermo-culture, which would soon cut out potichomanie and all that sort of thing, and your man of real culture would no longer be measured by the intellectual standard, but by the statement of how many pounds of cotton he would yield when shearing-time came round.

Who will earn the respect of half Europe by cultivating himself into the first specimen of "Every man his own Cotton-plant"? Please don't all speak at once.

NIGHT-SONG OF THE RICHMOND BANDITTI.

"Richmond is probably more lively now than ever it was as a city of the United States. With a keen zest after the toils of the campaign, but no doubt, with the right economy to which they have become accustomed, the Confederates are enjoying the pleasures of their capital. Whether the enemy will again advance against it, whether it will at any time fall into his hands are questions that do not spoil the amusements of the hour. They take due precautions; they move away their cannon foundry to a place further inland, and they fortify every point from which the march of the enemy can be checked. But that being done, they do not allow the prospect of defeat to interfere with their cheerfulness."—*London Times.*

For shame, untamable midnight larks, "More lively than ever."
All roystering round the fire!
Hurrah for the streets, hurrah for the parks,
Ere the citizens all retire!

Make haste! for our roll is increasing so fast "With a keen zest."
We soon shall be robbing some friend;
Oh! thank you, Jeff Davis! hold out to the last,
And when you want money *we'll* lend!

Oh! Richmond, the rich, sure was never so gay! "Enjoying the pleasures of their capital."
Its wines and its liquors are ours;
On its larders we hungry adventurers prey,
While its parlors protect us from showers!

We dance and we race, and we rush through the street, "Amusements of the hour."
And howl forth our devilish joy;
We gamble and bet, and win stakes and stand treat,
And we flirt with the maidens coy.

Oh! see that your pistols are loaded well, "They take due precautions."
And see that your bowies are right;
On that may pivot the sort of "hell"
We patriots meet in to-night!

Hurrah for Jeff Davis! hurrah for the war! "Their cheerfulness."
Hurrah for high prices and all!
Come! here's a motto worth robbing for:
'Tis time high prices should fall!

The Truth—by Accident.

An eminent phrenologist advertises that he "will tell you what you are, and what you may become, at small cost *and but little loss of time.*"

The italics are ours. The words to which we have adapted them evince a degree of candor not to be sufficiently admired.

Something New about Shakespeare.

The easiest thing ever done is to write a commentary upon Shakespeare—taking which into consideration, it is wonderful how loosely it has generally been done. Has Mr. Richard Grant White, for instance, ever suggested that Macduff's first name was Henry, commonly abbreviated to Hen? Never: and yet Macbeth requests Macduff to "lay on"—which is conclusive as to the Hen.